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THE ANTI-TEAPOT REVIEW.

A Magazine of Politics, Literature, and Art.

Edited by Members of the Universities, and written only by Members
of the Anti-Teapot Society of Europe.

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THE ANTI-TEAPOT SOCIETY was founded at Reading, in December, A.D. 1862. THE ANTI-TEAPOT REVIEW first appeared, for the use of Members of the Society, in MS., on May 1st, 1863; and since then the Society has gradually increased. It has now become necessary to have the REVIEW printed; and it is hoped that before long the Society may be considerably increased. The Society is a private Society, and no one is admitted as a member who has not filled up the form of admission, and been nominated and seconded by two officers of the Society. The forms of admission are in English, French, German, and Dutch: other translations will shortly appear.

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The Editors beg to acknowledge the receipt of several tunes for the above publication, and will be glad of any further contributions promised by Members of the Society.

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THE ANTI-TEAPOT REVIEW.

—o*o*o—
No. I. — MAY, 1864.
—o*o*o—

TEAPOTS AND ANTI-TEAPOTS.

MANY persons either do not, or pretend not to know, what Teapotism is. In consequence of this ignorance or affectation we shall, in a few words, try to describe the leading features of the male and female Teapot.

Teapotism is a magnificent profession, but a very sorry practice; it professes a large-hearted liberality, unbounded piety, and the enunciation of true principles, but its practice is that of a narrow-minded clique who condemn all who go not with them. Its piety consists in hero-worship and the circulation of illiterate tracts calculated to attract the strong and to confound the weak; it is bounded on the north by the platform and meeting-house, and on the south by scandal, hassocks, and TEA, whence the name of TEAPOTS.

A male Teapot claims exclusively for himself the utmost freedom of thought and action; he abuses all who differ from his own exclusive tenets. He is essentially illiterate, and calls everything he does not understand "atheistical," "Popish," "Puseyite," or "dishonest;" he can only see one side of any question, and ignores the fact that other men may know something and have equally with himself a right to support their opinions in public or in private. His house and table are, if he be rich, magnificently appointed, but he declares that any room or barn does for a church; he snivels and talks cant on Sundays, and would faint at the sight of an "altar." He detests the "landed gentry," generally grinds down the poor, and abhors young curates from Oxford. He can seldom row, ride, or play cricket; he grows stout on country air and good living, so he frequently objects to dancing on principle, and thinks the theatre next door to a very warm place. If he does not hear the exact

shibboleth uttered in the parish church, he soon discovers that "it is a sin to have the horses out on the Sabbath;" so if it is too wet to walk to church he makes his wife and children stay at home; reads the whole service, absolution and all, to them, and winds up with a sermon written by some divine remarkable for his intensely dry and uninteresting discourses. His cellar is well stocked, and he never walks far enough to feel thirsty except at respectable hours; he therefore praises the Forbes Mackenzie Act, and petitions Parliament against the opening of public-houses on Sundays; while, to mitigate drunkenness, he would shut the people out of picture galleries, museums, and the Crystal Palace, on the only day they can visit them. He misquotes the Fourth Commandment and prefers tub-atheists in Hyde Park to excursion trains and people's bands. He is generally a Radical, puts his trust in Sir Morton Peto, the "Constitution," and Lord Shaftesbury; will not tolerate firm faith, or "honest doubt," if it clashes with his own pet views; delights in Exeter Hall and tea meetings; believes to a great extent in the platform; subscribes (as you may see in the papers) to help aggressive societies, and swears he is a "Protestant."

Against such as these the *Anti-Teapot Review* will protest most strongly.

A Teapotty Woman is nearly always of the "religious" type. When this is the case she is a constant attendant at missionary meetings and scandal promulgators; she is always so intensely occupied with the former that (like Mrs. Jellyby) she seldom minds her own affairs; she likewise enjoys and generally originates scandalous reports about the concerns of others; always talks shop; votes Spurgeon a "dear man," Punshon a "real treat," and would die of joy if she were allowed to kiss Garibaldi's bad foot. She shakes her head if you mention Patti or Lagrua, would correct you for even mentioning a Roman Catholic, an officer, an Oxford undergraduate, or a rubber, and frowns virtuously at any allusion to a theatre or ball.

As she goes to church (in a general way) to hear the sermon only, *quod ipse vocat illa vocat*, she sometimes prefers Reheboth and Little Bethel, where she can have a "comfortable" seat and listen to what she calls a "truthful minister." She denounces whatever is churchy, and calls well-dressed ladies "pretty butterflies fluttering to destruction;" is bitter and uncharitable, proclaims against "peculiar vestments;" but if she has £500 a year she dresses like a slavey, hates sisters of mercy, and seldom wears crinoline. If an old maid she declares she is

"not a Dissenter," looks benignantly on evangelical curates and widowers; at one period of her life she liked to be thought very High Church, gives you the history of her conversion, is always quoting Scripture, and invariably calls herself a "Protestant."

We have sketched a Male and Female Teapot—it remains for people to judge whether they think the Anti-Teapot Society is really required; whether they think the *Review*, which is the organ of that Society, is or is not needed. Anyhow, the Society will go on as it began, it will remain strictly private, enforce the same rules, and show that it is the enemy, not of tea, but of Teapots.

THE CRINOSE CRISIS;

OR, NOTES ON BEARDS AND CRINOLINE.

We have heard of clergymen in the diocese of Rochester, who are actually afraid to wear beards and moustaches; and although we have no doubt that Mr. Mappin, and others of shilling razor notoriety, fully concur in the Episcopal censure of hirsute appendages, we have no hesitation in saying, that it is as much *ultra vires* for a bishop to interfere with a man's hair, as it is for Teapots to condemn wholesale the use of crinoline.

The young lady school of "Puseyites," as they are called, generally do, or used to measure a clergyman's principles by the cut of his coat, his plentiful lack of collar, and his neatly shaved cheeks.

This is all very well in its way, and suited to those who are, after all, mainly governed by impulse. If a man chooses to carry the mark of the beast imprinted on his clothes and visage, he is, for all we care, quite welcome to his little peculiarities. Live and let live; but, "whatever you do," to alter one of Mrs. Gamp's favourite expressions, "think fair." But it has now been proved beyond a doubt, that Mr. Keble, the clergy of All Saints, Margaret Street, and others whom we could mention, do not despise whiskers, frock coats, or, shall we write it? regular old stick-ups.

It has also been proved, that the assimilation in dress between "ministers of all denominations" is so great, that it requires a keen eye to tell a Scotch Presbyterian from an English High Churchman.

We will lay it down, then, as a primary law, that a man should make himself look as well as he can; and, although we know

what style of dress coincides with our ecclesiastical notions, we should be sorry to condemn those whose taste differs either in the abstract or in the concrete from our own. The hairy clergy of Rochester are to be saved from the fate of Absalom by the bishop's crook; and, if it were not popish, the tonsure might safely be adopted by all poor curates who wait for Episcopal favours. *Episcopus locutus, causa finita est.*

Having noticed the crinigerous grievances of men, we must now say a word for the ladies; and we beg to state most emphatically it is from no want of true politeness that we have not mentioned them first.

Some years ago, nearly all ladies on the Continent took to wearing crinoline, a word derived, as all male readers know, from *crinis*, hair.

But the crinose crisis soon took a favourable turn, and most ladies now wear the famous patent skeleton skirts,* which are composed more of tape than hair, and of steel than either. The consequence is that ladies now look as though all their nether garments had not been left as unredeemed pledges at "my uncle's."

Walking poplars and European giraffes are no longer ghostly apparitions to be met at every corner of the streets; and our accomplished countrywomen, even when they go abroad, may be said to dress with taste, and thus fulfil one of the chief duties they owe to society.

Immoderate hoops and inflating apparatus were of course inserted as original sketches in the wretched Charivari of Fleet Street; and coarse sonnets, written with dirty water from Fleet ditch, cried "Shame" when there was no shame.

Nevertheless, good taste as well as truth is great and will prevail. Bishops may anathematise beards, but the Apostles wore them. Teapots may execrate crinoline and all other new-fangled fashions of Young England; but it is certain from English authors whose names must command respect, that ladies wore large skirts years ago, and all Anti-Teapots must rejoice that they have returned to their first love.

Crinoline is to our grandmothers' *jupons*, as steam engines are to stage coaches, or as old tugs to screw propellers. No wonder, therefore, that the first to leave off angularities in dress were charged, most unjustly, with being "fast." And although "fast" and "fastness" are about the most vague terms to be found in the English language, there can be no doubt that a lady's locomotion is considerably improved by the new-fangled fashions

* The *sans flectum* is also used.—Note from a Lady.

of Young England. We cannot, however, expect old ladies on the shady side of sixty to adopt a style of dress which would probably make them uncomfortable. Mr. Addison in the *Spectator* (No. 360) descanted upon the advantage of being well-dressed. He looked upon dress as a panacea for brainless idiots; and tells us that, in the fashionable world, a well-made coat, and probably a good balance at one's banker's, will cover a multitude of sins. We do not entirely hold with him. It was the misfortune of the writer of this article, to be told on a certain Swiss mountain at a most unhappy moment, viz., before six other men better looking than himself, that he was "the only one who knew how to dress," because he looked comfortable in Invernessian knickerbockers and a loose tweed jacket.

The ill-timed compliment came, of course, from an old maid given to dogmatising.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LITERARY AND THEATRICAL LETTER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Mine I consider a proud position, viz., to be a familiar gossip of the "Anti-Teapot Review." We began modestly and on a small scale, we have prudently increased our size and subscribers, and trust our shadow may never be less; on the contrary, greater. Let us continue as we began, avoid puffing ourselves, stick to the truth, and be good Anti-Teapots.

I only wish that my inaugural letter could be made to contain things more worthy of the paper for which it is written; for what have I to record? Very little, I'm afraid. With Thackeray we have lost the greatest and most perfect English writer and humourist; and he will probably never be replaced. His unfinished work, "Denis Duval," in the *Cornhill*, promises well, as far as one can judge at present; and I trust soon to see some more signs of his daughter's undoubted genius.

Le Maudit, a French novel, has created, both on the Continent and in England, a sensation which would probably never have arisen, had not the priests, as is their custom, drawn public attention to it when they wanted to keep it down. The work is said to have been written by an excommunicated priest.

A paper styling itself the *Realm*, which has surprised me by reaching its tenth number, has arisen. I have not heard who is its editor, or who are its promoters; but I can say little in its favour except that the print and paper are very good. It

exhibits a great amount of carelessness, as it advertised the Princess's pantomime for Wednesday, March 2nd, though in another column it distinctly states that the pantomime was acted for the last time on the preceding Saturday, February 27th, and that another play, not advertised, was being represented. Such silly blunders are inexcusable, but probably the Editor was engaged in manufacturing that astonishing puff of which this is a fragment: "Nay, with the assistance of the sub-editors, the manager, five or six office-clerks, and several dozen errand boys, it is found impracticable in London newspaper offices to combine the functions of wholesale manufacture and retail distribution. At four o'clock, when Messrs. Spottiswoode and Co.'s gigantic steam presses have worked off the *Realm* at an incredible rate of copies per minute, a procession of spring vans carry off, let us say, a ton or two each, in huge blocks," &c., &c. It naturally occurs to one to enquire how has the *Times*, which I suspect has a larger circulation than the *Realm*, managed to exist so long?

Just before Easter little was doing at the theatres. The clown was giving pantaloons the last slap, and the dirty muslin and spangles were about to see their last. Stop—a new actress has appeared at that little theatre, the Royalty, with the queer, outlandish name of Furtado. She took Jenny Wilmore's place in the rôle of *Leion*. Her acting in this piece is simply perfection. Her acting, dancing and figure leave nothing to be desired, and yet she is quite new to real acting, having as yet only seen the public as a dancer. I unhesitatingly predict the most glorious future to this young lady if she continues as she has begun. I said that she had taken Jenny Wilmore's place. This clever actress has, for some unexplained reason, quitted the Royalty with Mr. Felix Rogers, her husband, together with Mr. Robins, and their parts, with the exception of Miss Furtado, are but indifferently filled.

The Strand still continues prosperous with its excellent burlesque of *Orpheus and Eurydice*, and Marie Wilton looks younger and acts with greater spirit than ever. Fancy having one song encored five times, at least the advertisement says so. When I went it was encored three times.* Moral, put not your trust in advertisements. Nevertheless *Orpheus and Eurydice* is an excellent burlesque, and I advise every one who has not seen it to go and do so.

I am afraid the St. James's is not getting on as well as it

* We have ourselves heard one part in the same burlesque encored six times.—Ed. A. T. R.

might. The burlesque, which to say the truth was but poor, has been withdrawn, and I hear but little praise of the *Silver Lining*. C. Matthews still continues in *Cool as a Cucumber*, just translated from the French!

Theatrical ideas of time and space are vague. By the way, why does not Mr. Webster imitate his own admirable management of the Adelphi at the St. James's? Why are we to pay six shillings for stalls, and give fees to box-keepers at one theatre, and not at the other under the same management? This is a sad falling off. I hear that Wigan and Selby are both anxious to take this theatre when Webster's time is up, or even before, but this is a mere report. I certainly do not understand Wigan's wishing to take it. Mrs. Selby's wish is more natural; she has been very successful at the Royalty, but however lucky one may be at that little house, it would never succeed, being too small to pay.

Leah still runs, and Miss Bateman, though engaged to be married, is a great actress; I only wish she had a better play to act in, and better supporters to act with. We hear much of Fechter going to bring out some piece of Shakspeare, but as yet not anything to rely on. Anyhow, in his next play I hope he will manage to procure a better part both for Miss Terry and himself; for he is too good an actor to satisfy us with tumbling off a precipice, or running over the stage with her in a monk's cowl.

REWOG.

YOUNG ENGLAND ON MATRIMONY.

Oh! tell me, reader, what to do,
 Suppose I wish'd to marry,
 But knew not how to wear the shoe;
 Should I rush on, or tarry?
 "Love in a cottage?"—hell on earth;
 Bairns in plenty, never a sou
 To pay for food; and what a dearth
 Of pounds to clothe and feed them too.
 Go by the sea in bungalow?
 Hide in the country's deep recess?
 Lost to each friend, but safe from foe,
 God help the bairns, and widow bless.
 The bungalow, byre, and the cottage
 Make "sweet little sketches" on paper,
 But I'll never barter my pottage,
 Or be put out at last like a taper.

H. F. F.

TEAPOTS WE HAVE HEARD OF.

NO. I.—PICKLES THE GROCER.

- A SMALL parish church in an old country town
 Not long since attained to some local renown ;
 For the vicar, large-hearted, High Church, too, and kind,
 Had altered the building more after his mind.
- 5 Ejected a three-decker, pews from the chancel,
 Intending thus Puritan errors to cancel :
 Horse-boxes and cattle-pens cleared from the nave,
 In which Teapots in general sadly behave.
 Replaced them with benches and nice little chairs,
- 10 At which none but a Teapot would give himself airs ;
 For all this, remember, ye Teapots so many,
 Not a man in the parish was asked for a penny.
 The vicar and curate had thus borne all the cost,
 Not deeming that "labour in love" is e'er lost ;
- 15 The church was re-opened, a volunteer choir,
 All surpliced, of course, rous'd the Protestants' ire :
 "Hymns ancient and modern" drove out "Brady and Tate,"
 The whole service conducted in order first-rate.
 But (O shame !) in the meantime Teapots were at work
- 20 Conspiring all these great improvements to "burke."
 Then Pickles, the grocer, their chief, led the van—
 Quoth he, "Now's the time to become a known man—
 "If I stay in my shop, where most truly my place is,
 "Men never will know like what my fine face is.
- 25 "Tis true I don't care for the Church—and, indeed,
 "I'm rather afraid of th' Athanasian creed ;
 "But that doesn't matter—*Church* isn't my game,
 "Self-exaltation alone is my aim.
 "When I walk in the streets, men will say, 'Do you know,
 sir,
- 30 "'Who *that* is?' 'Of course,' says he, 'Pickles, the
 Grocer.'"
- With these thoughts in his brain he became so elated,
 His conceit, you may fancy, by no means abated.
 Now Pickles is really an ignorant Whig
 And his words (save the omen !) are not worth a fig—
- 35 His ideas not rising much higher than trade
 His expressions are, most of them, of the same grade.
 Not much higher than treacle, brown sugar, and soap, or he
 Ne'er would have raised the stale cry of "No Popery !"

- "Popish shop" is the term he applies to the Church,
40 Yet he goes there sometimes and sits under the birch;
For both vicar and curate are excellent preachers,
And both too, of course, most orthodox teachers.
But when asked for subscriptions, he always refuses them,
The excuse that he gives—while he always abuses them;
45 Is, that his clergy do not as their guide
Take "Pickles, the Grocer," but set him aside.
No doubt many Teapots these verses will con,
48 Let's hope the right Teapot will put the cap on.

HOME AND FOREIGN.

THE political horizon has for some time looked threatening, and the sky is still dark and lowering. The "great Peace party," with the Boanerges of the Radicals at their head, has proved a myth after all. The wives of British Volunteers are no doubt grateful to Lord Palmerston for the handsome way in which the new "military" lights have been treated; and, as long as Dover is not invaded, the present Ministry will be supported by the class whose interests it has attempted to protect. There has been a cry of peace when there was no peace, but plenty of fighting in China, New Zealand, and Japan. All loyal liegemen of the Dane have been forced to draw their breath in pain while Sonderborg has been bombarded, Dybbøl taken, and the Conference "pending." With the precedent of Kagosima staring them in the face the present Ministry is tongue-tied. Prussian inhumanity is an item which forms no part of Liberal calculations; and as long as the commercial prosperity of England remains unimpaired, so long the love of law and order, and of strict adherence to treaties, will be but a secondary consideration with Whig Ministers. The riots at St. George's and the invasion of Italy without a declaration of war are standing reproaches to the Liberal party, who aided and abetted these and other scandals by all the moral (and immoral) support they could muster without being turned out of office. The Danes have learned, like the Bishop of Labuan, to put their trust in Providence and keep their powder dry; and England, or that part of it which blindly follows Lord Russell's foreign policy, having shirked a Congress and insulted France, blandly proposed a Conference for the purpose of "settling" Holstein. We shall not have peace again till the last man of the last beery German battalion is again

smoking (and gossiping like a Teapot) at his own fireside in *Vaterland*. The Waikotoo tribes who declined to cherish Christian thieves, will all become carrion ere long; while the Japanese have been stung into the high pleasures of civilization through suffering.

The Greek Calends are confidently spoken of as the precise date at which peace will be declared in America; and "General" McClellan will probably succeed Mr. "Carpenter" Lincoln at the White House.

The great unwashed have made a foolish fuss about Garibaldi and his bad foot. By an Imperial ukase the Polish serfs have been emancipated, and Prince Gortschakoff has wisely declined English interference. Mr. Stansfeld, having publicly defended the ally of Orsini and other Italian "patriots," has been compelled to resign. The liberality of her Majesty's Ministers is undoubtedly great towards the scions of Whig families; but we can hardly expect any diminution in the Malt Tax, or venture to hope for "beer at 4d. a gallon," if our great brewing firms turn bankers to "suffering" refugees. Mr. Gladstone, too, a naturally sensitive man, has been made to writhe under the stinging sarcasm of Mr. Sheridan. The Chancellor of the Exchequer found such an irresistible *tu quoque* retorted upon him that he was literally obliged to die of the plague to escape hanging; he did not, however, like the noted Muley Muloc of Morocco, rally his troops and then die happy. The Duke of Newcastle has resigned; and Lord R. Cecil's motion of censure having been passed dead against and in spite of the Government, Mr. Lowe, who is fond of office, has become an unwilling seceder from the Ministry. The deaths of Lord Herbert and of Sir G. C. Lewis were losses which have not yet been made good; and, were it not for the political piracy of Mr. Gladstone's new Budget, the penny reduction of the Income Tax, the sugar and insurance minnows which have successfully caught the great commercial whale, an immediate change would have been effected in Downing Street. The Conservative element is gradually absorbing the "votes and interest" of the country; and, notwithstanding the angry ebullitions and savoury similes of the Daily Rebel and other organs of smart writing, a general election will inevitably take place. England is tired of being a country without a history; and the nation groans under a burden of Whig officials, both clerical and lay, which is too heavy for it to bear.

EXON.

[From sheer want of space this article has been unavoidably curtailed.
—Ed. A. T. R.]

FAT PEOPLE.*

A PERFECT CURE.

THE suffering portion of fat humanity has at last found balm in Gilead. The obese part of the British public may now sing a pious "Jubilate" on their redemption from corpulent calamities. A gentleman who is now nearly 66 years of age, about 5 feet 6 inches in stature, and who weighed in August, 1862, 202 lbs., is, for all we know to the contrary, still nearly 66 years of age and about 5 feet 6 inches in stature; but listen, O ye flatulent ones! to the words of the poet, in weight only 167 lbs. The said gentleman, who is the author of the book now before us, considers that a benign Providence has at last graciously placed him on the tramway of happy, comfortable existence. His may not have been a song of degrees, but, anyhow, we are informed in a small book of 45 pp. how he became small by degrees and beautifully less. Nor is this all. The philanthropic writer does not excruciate his readers with an account of the origin of evil in general, but he traces the origin of the obese evil to its cause, and, by a marvellous synthetical arrangement, tells us how he was induced, probably by some work of darkness, to partake of more bread, milk, butter, and beer than his aged nature required, and to generate the parasite so detrimental to all the enjoyment expected by *beaux Brummels* at the age of 66.

We have heard of martyrs of all sorts; of the primitive Christians and heathen arenas, of St. Denis and other head-carrying champions of the faith, of Foxe's martyrs, and of martyrs in Japan; of martyrs to the cold and martyrs to strong-minded wives; but until we read his pamphlet we were quite in the dark as to the new martyrology which Mr. Banting so manfully strives to keep out of purgatory in "this tearsome wale." If a quondam fat Protestant, who by means of the directions contained in this pamphlet has been cured of his corpulency, ever edits a modern calendar with red-letter days for Lord Shaftesbury, or polishes off a touching threnody on Heenan and Tom King, the very least he can do will be to place Mr. Banting amongst the *bien heureux pères* of the modern hagiology. Modern confessors—a far jollier race than the "Monks of old"—there must be in abundance; men who are subjected to public remark and cruelly ridiculed on account of their poetical

* LETTER ON CORPULENCE, by William Banting. Third edition. Harrison, London, 1864.

fatness; heroes who are sneered at by the injudicious, chaffed by small boys and London cabbies; who cannot stoop to tie their shoes or attend to the other little offices humanity requires without pain; who are compelled to go down stairs backwards, and who would rather die than climb the Rigi; who are obliged to puff and blow with every slight exertion; who suffer so much from low living and formidable carbuncles; and who are finally, by way of remedy, fed into increased obesity; these men as much deserve a passing tear as they cannot fail to provoke a smile.

But Mr. Banting lifts the afflicted from the Slough of Despond. What two hours' rowing before breakfast, in a large tub, we can hardly fancy a jolly little grey fat man in anything but a "good, safe, heavy boat" p. (12), cannot accomplish; the relief expected but not obtained from Leamington, Cheltenham, and Harrogate, to say nothing of Strathpeffer, Baden Weilar, and gallons of liquid potassæ, is at last held out as a dead certainty to all who read, learn, mark, and inwardly digest Mr. Banting's little book. The crying evil of obesity will sooner or later summon the Faculty—and Homœopathy, which unassumingly considers itself the *facile princeps* of that Faculty—to judgment. Stern will be the denunciation hurled against Irish Companies who induce men to take 90 Turkish baths that they may thereby lose 6 lbs. in weight (and ruin their constitutions); but sterner still will be the anathemas poured forth against vapour baths and shampooing; for the philosopher's stone so fondly sought by obese specimens of humanity is not to be found in either.

Those who clog their little muscular exercise with a superabundance of fat are herein and solemnly exhorted to amendment; and a remedy for fatness is prescribed with as much solemnity as Lord Byron's remedy against sea-sickness, viz. :—a beef steak,

"Try it, sir, before you sneer,

And I assure this is true

For I have found it answer, so may you."

The burden of Mr. Banting's argument is directed against all farinaceous food, which he informs us contains starch and saccharine matter; the author then facetiously adds certain tables of weights and measures, whether according to Troy or avoirdupois we are not certain, but we should imagine that since they refer to himself the latter would be unerringly adhered to; then the reduction of Mr. Banting's "girth round the waist," and other important desiderata, such as an improved personal appearance, the casting off of boot-hooks and sundry other aids to fatness, are carefully enumerated.

These are followed by a tabular statement made by Dr. John Hutchinson in regard to weight as proportioned to stature, taken from a mean average of 2,648 healthy men, and which answered as a pretty good standard for the insurances regulated upon it.

The fat Teapots of the land who object to dancing "on principle" should procure this pamphlet, which is a brief and marvellous production both as to style, arrangement, and the theories so confidently laid down. There is a preface, a dedication to the public—a public which is proverbially not to be hoodwinked—the addenda, and concluding addenda. The author says he can now perform every office necessary for himself, and tells us that he has not only given £50 for distribution amongst favourite hospitals, but that a friend of his "looks forward with good hope to a perfect cure" (p. 25). The book, as all Anti-Teapots must have perceived long ago, is itself a perfect cure; but we commend the author for his zeal, and advise all suffering fatties to read the remedies for themselves, and to follow out Mr. Banting's directions to the very letter of the law prescribed.

CAMBRIDGE RHYMES.

I.

THERE was a young scholar of Trinity
Who could not get up his divinity;
So he bought *Harold Browne*,
And tried him to cram down
Which quite chok'd this young scholar of Trinity.

II.

There was a young fellow of John's
Who did not care a rap for the Dons.
Said the Dean, "You cut lecture
So oft, I'll inspect your
Behaviour, and gate you in spite of your bronze."

III.

There was a young student of King's,
Who said, "Had I but Pegasus' wings!"
When they ask'd him "What then?"
He said "Twice six make ten;"
They're not well up in figures at King's.

CAMBORITUM.

PUBLIC SCHOOL AND COLLEGE LITERATURE.

College Rhymes, contributed by Members of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Lent Term, 1864. Oxford: Shrimpton. Cambridge: Macmillan.

A BROCHURE of 94 pp. cannot be supposed to contain much matter, but the manner of it deserves our special attention. Translation, odes, epigrams, comic pieces, and sentimental effusions, both in Latin and English, written by members of Oxford and Cambridge, form a very fair sample of the poetical element existing in the twin Universities. "An Oxford Alphabet," by Yorick, is very much to the point, and will be appreciated by those who know anything of College life. "S" is emphatically made to stand for the sympathy the dons pretend to show, while "T stands for the Tavern to which they make you go." We advise all freshmen to follow the advice tendered to them in the imitation of "The Fall of Paris;" they will then face the examiners with ready courage, and floor them every year. "Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross," has been done into elegiacs; but in the translation it has also been done out of its original terseness. We cannot speak of all the pieces which deserve attention; but the following epigram is so good that we extract it:—

"At Scarboro', as at Bethesda, you'll find,
If ever you go with your wife and your daughters,
A goodly collection of *lame, halt, and blind,*
But precious few *angels to trouble the waters.*"

We cannot praise too highly the objects of such works as "College Rhymes," and we think the selection of poems has been judiciously made. We do not pretend to accept the book as a *beau ideal*; but its general tone is healthy, and the price charged for it is so small (1s.) that it deserves a large circulation.

The Eton College Chronicle: Williams, Eton.

WE have received several copies of this paper, which is published every fortnight, and gives an account of matters interesting to all Etonians, past, present and future. Its articles are decidedly of an Anti-Teapotty tone. The following, from one of the back numbers, is a floorer to Teapotty notions concerning Eton:—"It is quite disgraceful to see how useless an Eton education is in these days of progress! We had actually *only* seven out of the first nine in the classical Tripos at Cambridge this year! In the final classical school at Oxford, Abbot obtained a first, Kekewich a second; and in the Chelsea list, Mr. Trench, *ML.*, was but third!"

In an article on Eton criticisers, Mr. Sala, "Jacob Omnium,"

and others, whose great object in life seems to be to give the maximum of pain, and to gain the minimum of good, are deservedly snubbed.

Mr. Sala coarsely asserted that the "Etonian is one of the most ill-taught and ill-behaved young cubs on earth, and that lying forms part of Eton education!" Has he never heard the received list of epithets, viz.: Eton "Gentlemen," Harrow "Bucks," Winchester "Scholars," Rugby "Drunkards," and Westminster "Blackguards"? Or does Mr. Sala take it for granted that nobody will believe a word of *Temple Bar*? Mr. Sala has been ably corrected in "Etonensia, to which publication we have great pleasure in referring our readers. We are glad to hear that some new fives walls have been made at Eton; and we wonder why Oxford contents itself with such apologies for fives walls as it has at present.

We commend the *Eton Chronicle*, and hope to see a visible improvement in it next half; and we hope this year that the authorities will listen to the suggestion for allowing a third day for the Eton and Harrow match.

"HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE."

ANTI-TEAPOTS are, by one of the "fundamental rules" of their Society, strictly forbidden "to purchase, accept, or in any way encourage the distribution of Spurgeon's tracts, Preaching Pugilists' homilies, or Garibaldi's portraits.

No doubt, many of the uninitiated consider this rule as one emanating from a Society which has for its object the propagation of despotism and bigotry. Those who hold such an opinion are welcome to cling to it, and fondly nourish it; and they may, if not inconvenient to their purses, with our unfeigned approval, have it emblazoned, framed and glazed, or safely deposited under a glass case in the British Museum, for the benefit of future generations. This rule alone has been the cause of preventing many an honest and good heart from joining a society which enforces the renunciation of charms and pleasures that have, within the last few years, occupied no insignificant dominion over their thoughts and actions.

Mr. Spurgeon "hath charms;" he is a wonderfully popular preacher amongst a certain class of Teapots, by whom his sermons and tracts are imbibed with a most savoury relish. He attracts the highest order of Teapots; he is skilled in the art of filling his Tabernacle with an audience which he best knows how

to please with his sentiments on salvation, damnation, conversion, priestcraft, and popery, infused as they are with the elements of hard-hitting, coarse jocularity, and profanity, all of which seem to form a most essential part in the high festivals of abuse and denunciation which are wont to be held within the precincts of the "Great Bethel."

Preaching Pugilists no doubt have double charms, afforded both by their outer appearance and peculiar style of oratory. Notwithstanding all the charms which these deities of popularity possess, we are required to endure with patience the hardship of being forbidden to assist in the circulation of the doctrines enunciated by them. This restriction will in all probability be enforced until the time arrives when educated men and profound scholars can be found to swear by them, and to join in the chorus of Teapots, "*Floreat doctrina Spurgeonica*;" then, and certainly not till then, will it be thought expedient to grant any dispensation.

Garibaldi, too, hath charms, and his portraits, too—charms which are guaranteed to engender amongst his most enthusiastic devotees something very near akin to idolatry. He has greater claims to veneration than either Mr. Spurgeon or the preaching pugilists; in his character as a man are certain rare and excellent qualities, and he has won for himself the homage of thousands of weak and strong-minded women. He may boast of the epithets of "*The Liberator of Italy*," and the "*Martyr of Aspromonte*;" and yet who knows whether his restless ambition may not, at some period, lead him to aspire to the title of "*The Liberator of Ireland, and of India*?"

Neither Mr. Spurgeon nor the *gentlemen* who have retired from the ring, and taken up the less lucrative business of damnatory preaching, nor even Garibaldi, with all his popularity, are fit objects of honourable mention amongst ourselves; and therefore we have felt it our bounden duty not to give honour save to those to whom honour is due.

PROBLEMS.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE SCIENTIFIC.

1. Given, a dashing young milliner and £1,000; find within how many inches of her life she would dress herself, crinoline being at $99\frac{1}{11}$ per cent.

2. Given, a pipe, some dry tobacco, and a windy day; find the man who would not curse one of the three. T. C. D.

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